

THE
CHRISTMAS,
OR
WINTER'S TALE,
FOR 1780.

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ADDRESSED TO
EDMUND BURKE, Esq.
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,

AND THE
WHOLE BAND OF PETITIONERS.

Nostrum est, inter vos, tantas componere Lites.

VIRG. ÆN.

BY
OXONIENSIS.

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1780

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By J. H. BURKE, ESQ.

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IN ages past, when men did prize
Their freedom, as they did their eyes,
A sad diffention there arose
(As *patriotic* story goes,)

B

So

So universal the defection,
 That all seem'd ripe for insurrection :
 The cause of this same civil squabble,
 Which thus incens'd my Lords---the rabble,
 Was something *weighty*, without doubt,
 " Who should be *in*, and who be *out*,"
Corruption grew the common cant,
Taxes were most exorbitant ;
Trade was as dead as it is now,
 And all things went---I know not how.
 The patriots vow'd they ne'er would rest,
 Till all these evils were redrest ;
 That they would purge the constitution,
 From all state-filth, and vile pollution ;
 And let N---h know none should controul
 The *workings* of the *free-born* soul.
 To gain *their ends*, the patriot-rout
 Beset St. St---'s round about ;

At

At length a man of subtile parts,
Whose seeming zeal had won their hearts,
Stood up---and by a quaint device,
Appeas'd the tumult in a trice.

“ Pray, * Mr. Chairman, lend an ear,
And wisely weigh what you shall hear.
Imprimis, Sir, I do allow
That things were ne'er so bad as now ;
Few *here* have shoes upon their feet,
Their children scarcely bread to eat ;
And all to gorge the greedy maws
Of those who trample on our laws ;
Then what inflames this public curse,
It ev'ry day grows worse and worse :

* We find in early days, that mobs and tumultuous meetings constituted a Chairman, to whom they might address their Oratory ; observing the same etiquette as is now practised at the West-
Forum and Coach-Makers Hall.

Yet

Yet still, my friends, 'tis easier sure,
 To see an evil, than to cure---
 Therefore let me alone advise,
 Be cautious, resolute, and wise.
 (All eager heard, their ears did prick up,
 So mute, that no one dar'd to hic-up.)
 Let not o'er reason wrath preside,
 Nor prejudice your counsels guide;
 Ever observe this golden rule,
 That, "as your stout---be merciful."
 If placemen have abus'd their trust,
 We should ourselves be strictly just;
 Not R----d like, the just pursue
 With vengeance to the guilty due:
 There may be *one*, with conscience clear,
 Perhaps as any *Patriot* here---
 Let's single him from out the herd,
 And let the Phoenix be preferr'd.

The

The Senators whom you surround,
 Are just like cattle in a pound;
 These, one by one, or two by two,
 Shall pass before you in review;
 And such, as by the gen'ral voice,
 Have basely wrong'd their country's choice,
 Shall be discarded with disgrace,
 And others nam'd to fill their place."

Th' advice was wond'rous good and fair,
 And hit their humours to a hair;
 But, mark, how wild are vulgar notions!
 How vain are popular commotions!
 The Senators---a guilty train!
 Were set at large, and man by man
 Presented to these wise inspectors,
 Great state-physicians, and directors!

C

When

When lo! (as one too often finds)
 " So many men, so many minds,"
 It was much easier agreed,
 Who shou'd *go out*, than who *succeed*---
 Each stiffly did *his* friend propose,
 And each the other did oppose,
 So that, at length, they came to blows.
 The chairman wisely leaves his seat,
 To make in time a safe retreat ;
 And to be sleeping in whole bones,
 Instead of dreaming *thus* of thrones ;
 Since motley throng his pow'rs deny
 Who should first speak, or who reply ;
 Good sense and candour quit the field,
 And to Abuse, and Envy yield---
 Hoarse din of F-ct-on, dreadful yell !
 From lungs of F-x, and L-tt--ll !

Loud

Loud screaming out--in terms no civ'ler!

N--th's a fniv'ler, shuffler, driv'ler †--

Words! in themselves of *darkest* meaning!

(He sure had sent his wits a gleaning!)

Since Ireland does our views discover,

Let's try our *arts* upon the mother;

Move town and country with our *band*,

And drive *contagion* thro' the land.

In *troubled* waters we may thrive,

(*Discord alone keeps us alive!*)

Soon as our tatter'd forces 'gin to form,

We'll mount the whirlwind and direct the storm.

The *fancied* cause of all this pother,

They thus reveng'd on one another,

† These words were spoken by the last Gentleman in the latter end of the debate on the Army Establishment;—with what propriety the Honourable Gentleman can best tell.

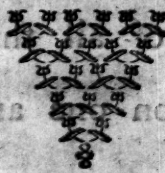
'Till black and blue, with bloody noses.

They all decamp'd to their own houses.

Lord N--th succeeds with olive-bough,

And all *stay in--in statu quo!*

SWISS IN THE



The Swiss cause
They thus reveng'd on another

† These words were spoken by the last Gentleman in the latter
end of the debate on the Army Establishment;—with what
propriety the Honorable Gentleman can best tell.

THE